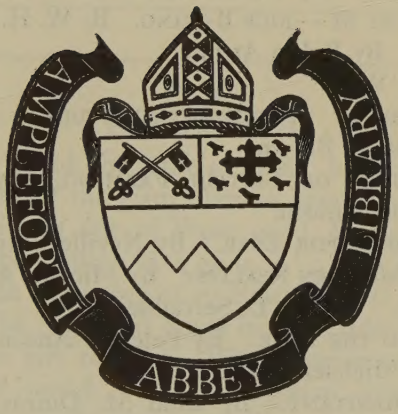
THE
WIND AND THE RAIN

Winter, 1941-42



'With a heigh-ho the Wind and the Rain.'– *Feste* in *Twelfth Night.*

IN AID OF THE RED CROSS AND SAINT JOHN FUND

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN

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NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE
TERENCE MARKE

A Magazine founded by MICHAEL ALLMAND

Vol. 1 No. 3

EDITORIAL

'MY wife,' said the atheist as he leant across the table near one of the giant lilies—a symbol of purity—in the Strand Palace, ' is one of those good Anglicans who will do anything for the Church save go to it.' This sentence, coming as it does at the beginning of an Editorial, has not been written so as to drag the Anglicans down into the mire ; for the remark might apply to any religion. What it wishes to convey is the attitude of the world, which is common enough in our own people, to the fundamentals of life. Just as the man who marries will have a car, but no children, so the man who weds himself to this life will have theories but no principles. What is lacking in England to-day is something basic. As Lord Northbourne points out in this issue, in his article on the land, we forget that ' this land is our home, and not merely our food factory, and still less can it be only a huge recreation ground.' We also forget that there are things more worthy of us than this incessant, petty snarling and the putting on of a brave front whenever the prospect of money-grabbing advocates it.

It would not matter if we were bombed tomorrow ; to any right-minded person it would not matter if we lost the war, if what we must try so much to cultivate were not destroyed into the bargain. There should be sufficient philosophers—and this is in no rigid sense—in England to-day to place us above such things as mere victory or defeat. If we were on the plane we profess to be on, we should laugh at defeat. The difficulty

is that so few of us wish to philosophize in any way. We talk vaguely about *freedom*, but do we know what we mean ? Do we mean a freedom from the Gestapo, an Utopia without policemen ? or do we mean the freedom of being allowed to go to a Church or a Chapel on Sunday ? Surely not. For if we do, are we not lowering ourselves in consenting to this struggle, which no one could call dignified or elevating (except that it encourages heroism), and which may not even solve these two problems ?

What we must fight for—and the means are immaterial—is for something which has been in existence now for more than nineteen hundred years. A something so intangible, yet which we *must* grasp ; a something which generally goes by the name of Christianity, since it was Christ who brought it into this world. It was the supreme end of the Saints : it has been the ideal of men ever since a certain night in December. It must be ours. Material things, garden cities, milk bars, charity bazaars, are all good things in their way : yet they are only the surface of the new world we must live in—the world we have solemnly sworn to create. That is our new world and for this reason only are we fighting this bitter war. It will be a world intangible, yet a very real world where every man, from the most exclusive mind to the humblest intelligence, will be able to see a light shining brightly. We are fighting to clear ourselves of the mists of materialism and wickedness which have fallen around us thicker than ever before. Once we are disentangled, once we have disassociated ourselves from this mesh of iniquity, let us not lose the light which we have lost so many times before. Our duty calls us to wider plains and to broader, healthier outlooks, and we must obey. Our canvas must be greater and lighter than ever before.

Perhaps the contents of this magazine will help to give some hint of those hues which we must endeavour to paint.

OUR GOTHS AND VANDALS

WM. BELLOWS

WHATEVER the historians may say, it must not be supposed that we have yet done with the gentlemen referred to in my somewhat sinister-sounding title. Specimens of them may yet be found in probably every county in the country. They are the ravagers of our countryside, the merciless enemies of natural beauty, the distorters and demolishers of the architectural charm which gives distinction to so many of our cities. These gentlemen are to be found on our town councils, county councils, on administrative staffs, on boards of directors whose finer vision is obscured by the lure of gain, among property owners of the anti *Noblesse oblige* type.

I write from Gloucestershire—a county which claims the title (with certain other counties !) of being ' undoubtedly the most beautiful of them all.' But the very wealth of our natural attractions provides the G's and the V's with the raw material of their trade—something to maim, something to remove, something to destroy. Within a mile of my home stood, and in part still stands a noble avenue of elm trees, planted it is believed, after the victory of Waterloo. Did its superb appeal and enrichment of the countryside, did its historical significance, save it from the ravages of modern administrative action ? Not in the least. In the name of ' highway safety ' (a phrase to conjure with), it was recently adjudged worthy of elimination : the whole avenue of twenty-four noble trees, such as one could scarcely rival in a hundred miles. In the cause of road safety had any attempt been made to apply tree-surgery or the lopping of a few uncertain limbs ? No Had steps been taken by discreet boring to discover the true quality of the timber ? No. Did the authorities insist on a photographic record for the guidance and interest of future generations ? No. Had any scheme of pre-arranged re-planting been inaugurated ? No. Before one could grasp the sad truth, four trees had been felled, of which one only was admittedly diseased beyond repair The gap left by these four trees saved the remainder ; an outcry was raised, pressure was brought to bear, and at the eleventh hour

the remaining twenty trees were reprieved. But that gap—the product of crude tree-murder in its worst form will for long years cry out to heaven in protest.*

What is the antidote for this state of affairs ? Education of the community, on the principle that what is the interest of all should be protected by all. The public with their indignation often come too late upon the scene. They have been forestalled by officialdom and blinded by the ' advice of experts These are days when the preservation of the countryside becomes an ever more urgent duty. The need of it is even accentuated in war-time when the souls of men are tried as they have never been tried before, and the calm beauty of Nature—so superbly typified by the avenue referred to, brings balm and healing into our lives. We may be thankful that such movements as the National Trust and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, exist to raise such barriers as they can to the advance of our G's and V's. Some of the work of the National Trust on these Cotteswold Hills of ours began on a very small scale, but the results have repaid those early efforts one thousand fold. Perhaps one day the desecrator of our rural scenery who cannot prove just cause will be haled before the courts for what he is—an enemy of society. If found guilty, he should be sent to live in a certain ' building estate ' known to me, where every tree has been felled to make room for the spreading dismal rows of brick boxes with slate lids ! With what ghoulish appetite did the organisers of that compound eliminate from their path the faintest sign of natural beauty !

Let us now turn to our towns and cities. Here the enemy is not only at the gate but inside the gate. Indifference, petty power, ignorance and vested interests lurk in the darker shadows of our urban life. In my own City of Gloucester the principal approach to our Cathedral lay through a long passage ending in an ancient archway. In quite recent days a ' chain store ' (this does not mean that the directors were hung in chains), became what is technically known as ' interested ' in the property on one side of this passage. With bated breath one awaited the result. One did not have to wait long. The new

*Since these lines were written, it is a pleasure to record that our County Council has taken steps at the eleventh hour to preserve what is left of this beautiful scene.

building scheme emerged as a crude triumph of Dartmoorian architecture. By keeping one eye shut one can now experience the sensation of passing along the sinister brick-built corridor of a vast prison. Not a penny was spent in improving the amenities of this unique site. The ' Goths ' were not even interested in their own archway ! In defiance of the simplest good taste, a prison wall had been ordained and a prison wall for generations will continue to confront and affront the thousands of visitors who pass this way. Perhaps if we wait long enough this *chef-d'œuvre* of perpendicular Dartmoorian will come to be looked on as a thing of beauty in itself. That would be in keeping with what I understand is the ' correct approach ' to what is called modern art. The principle of ' once ugly always ugly ' is quite out-moded. I wrote a strong letter of protest to the Press on this degradation of good taste, and received in our city of culture and tradition just one letter from an unknown working woman thanking me for my protest.

Sorry as these examples may be, all is not yet lost. Thanks to the civic sense and foresight of those who have fought and won, we can still look with pride upon many a monument, upon many a wayside scene which still remains a part of our national patrimony. The City of Chester with its ' rows ' is in the same irreplaceable category as Stonehenge, or the village of Burford, or the scenery of Loch Katrine, or the unsullied beauty of a country stream. They are so many treasures entrusted to our care. No longer are Cornish girls transformed into stone for dancing on Sunday night—to be re-transformed into gate-posts by their farmer-owners. In spite of the havoc wrought by crudely educated men in authority, one is conscious that there are still six wise men left who may save the City. It is possible that the ravages of the German air-force in London and elsewhere may increase the number of that little band of ' six.' When a Wren church disappears in an air-raid, something of our national heritage—something of this very England—goes from us for ever. Let us then see to it that we play our part in protecting what is left—whether it be a tree, and is there anything more beautiful than a full-grown tree, whether it be an open stretch of moorland uncontaminated by pylons or corrugated iron, or whether it be that charming link with the past history of our beloved England, a timber-framed cottage.

I have faith, in these matters, in the simple instincts of the people—more faith than I have in the G's and V's who sit on committees miles from the scene of their vandalistic action and decree, under the darkened guidance of their 'advisers,' that this or that memorial of the past had really better be 'removed.'

NATIVE PHILOSOPHY

His naked skin, his muscles taut—
Both polished by the noon-day glare
Portray a stature only wrought
By working in the open air.
Slowly he walks, each step measured
As he seeks the palm tree's tempting
Shade. Then lies he down with leisured
Gait beneath the spilled leaves blowing
Gently in the breeze. An azure
Pool—a rippling mirror for
The blistered landscape—seems to lure
Him to its unshaped raggéd shore.
Refreshed he wanders on his way
And having satisfied his thirst
Once more he chants to parting day
His lullaby—so much rehearsed.

On the dim horizon now he
Stands—silhouetted as a dot
Upon the scroll of Time to be . .
He gathers that we ripe and rot,
That palaces return to dust
That temples crumble down to earth
And all is built on love and lust.
He knows he is a native serf
And this is his philosophy—
His one and only counterfoil
In comprehending life. He
Knows that Allah is the soil
And this for him is surety
That when he passes from this void
That he shall meet security
Which is not made of celluloid.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

THE RESTORATION OF FREEDOM

BARBARA WARD

THE feeling is general to-day that we are living in a time of social disintegration. The old synthesis of Mediaeval Christianity broke up with the Reformation and to-day the second synthesis, of a cultured, humanist, liberal and increasingly secular Europe, is also dissolving around us. One of the aspects of both Communism and Fascism—understood as the general form of Right-wing revolution—which has received relatively little attention, is that both systems are an attempt to hold together a society, crumbling away into the abyss, by means of a rigid totalitarian organisation imposed from above and sustained by mass propaganda and terrorism. An analogy that comes to one's mind is that of a patient throwing himself about in the extremes of homicidal and suicidal mania. For such a patient, a strait waistcoat is an inevitable consequence of his malady. It is not a remedy, of course. May we not say that Europe is a body politic that has lost the integrating control of a mind, that is to say, of a philosophy of life that binds the parts into a harmonious whole? That the totalitarian systems are strait waistcoats clamped down on the maniac body? And that the hope for Europe is to find some means of restoring spiritual and social health?

The sense of social disintegration is not felt so keenly in this country where so many of the traditional forms of life are still intact. Christianity is still a moulding force. Liberalism is still the basis of the political outlook of thousands of intelligent men and women Great institutions have survived in unbroken evolution from the Christian Middle Ages and there has been no violent break between the religious faith of the community and the scientific temper of modern life. Nevertheless, the signs of disintegration are there—the decline of the hold of Christianity, the disruption of family life, the creation of mass standards of opinion and entertainment, the unsolved conflicts between class and class. It is not that we have overcome the problems of Europe. It is that we have not yet had to face them.

No community can survive as a free community unless there is some sound basis of social consent. That is to say, unless a number of fundamental truths about the nature and purpose of man and society are held in common by a great majority of its citizens. The integration of Europe, first by Catholic Christianity and later by liberal humanism, did provide this basis of consent. But the second synthesis was much weaker than the first, and owed what coherence it had to the extent to which it still incorporated Christian values. And it is no coincidence that the new and fatal attempt at totalitarian synthesis denies not only Christian values but also the values enshrined by humanism and the classical tradition of Europe. Once the divine nature of man is discarded, it is doubtful whether he can even remain human. First doctrine, dogma, and supernatural faith were discarded. Now Natural Law and natural reason and natural religion are succumbing to the same fate.

As Christians we believe that Christianity and Natural Law are the only permanent bases upon which a sound social organism can be built up But we have to realise that what is wanted to-day is the restoration of social consent at a much more active level than has been necessary hitherto In all pre-Christian civilisations and for many hundreds of years in Europe itself social consent was secured by tradition and custom. Ways of life did not change from one generation to the next. The techniques of civilisation did not change. The stream of time moved slowly, and where there was change it was able to adapt itself organically to the existing situation. Today time goes by like a millrace, its eddies made up of a thousand changes in technique, a thousand revolutions brought about by scientific discovery, a thousand fluctuations and uncertainties in public opinion, reacting to the stimuli of press, film and wireless. In this whirligig, custom can no longer serve as the basis of social consent, for custom depends upon habit and habit has barely time to be formed. No, if there is to be re-integration, it must be at the level of conscious thought and faith. It is a problem of conversion, a problem of education. And it is a problem with which Christians are particularly concerned.

For what in the bewildering variety of the modern world can be the basis of conscious social consent ? Nothing which

depends upon passing opinion and temporary custom will serve. For one day such things are, and the next, they are swept away into oblivion. Only if there is a standard of truth and of social reality which transcends all change and which is as immutable and universal as a scientific law, can there be any hope of creating a social faith which will have the permanence necessary to recreate society. We believe that there is such a law. We believe that the nature of man as such is rooted in Natural Law, and that one of the reasons why contemporary society has disintegrated, is because these fundamental laws of human nature have been grossly violated. The recognition of this law is not confined to Christians. A secular version of it was the faith of the French Revolution. The Rights of Man is a one-sided expression of it—one-sided because by taking away their roots in the Law of God, men destroyed the sanction behind these secular rights.

The idea of the Rights of Man is more familiar to Englishmen than the conception of Natural Law. But Natural Law is the older and deeper concept and it is to this profounder view of the right relations between man and society that we must return. It is a task at once conservative and revolutionary, conservative because reaffirming man's right to liberty of speech and conscience, to associate himself with his fellows, to bring into the world a family and to educate it, to be governed by law and not by arbitrary caprice, to be given those opportunities he needs for his development as a free human person—adequate food, clothing and housing, educational opportunities, a decent standard of living—to affirm all these is merely to restate the common stock of European civilisation. But the task is also revolutionary because restating these rights is not enough. They must be interpreted in the light of modern conditions, modern scientific technique and the new possibilities and difficulties created by the Industrial Revolution. To give an example, the letter to *The Times* of December 21st, 1940, is in one sense a conservative document. It reaffirms traditional and widely accepted principles. The application of these principles, will, however, mean revolutionary changes in the structure of our society, and any citizen who takes them in any way seriously needs to work out in terms of practical action and personal sacrifice what these changes entail.

As Christians and as citizens of Great Britain there is a responsibility laid upon us. It is above all in the Christian tradition that Natural Law has been preserved and enshrined. If this teaching on the nature of man and society is to become the new basis of social consent in this community, it must be known and propagated—and propagated with religious enthusiasm. Our community is like the Valley of Dry Bones seen in a vision by the prophet, Ezekiel. It can only be re-integrated and given life if it is bound together, not only by common consent, but by a living faith. Those to whom life has been promised, and promised more abundantly, have the duty of acting as a ferment in the mass of the people.

Again, as citizens of this community on whom the decisions of war and peace may well rest, we are again faced with the challenge of the younger Pitt—to save ourselves by our exertions and Europe by our example. A re-integrated society in England, in which the basic nature of man is interpreted in terms of contemporary fact, could provide an example for the whole world, since in every society it is fundamentally the same problem, a spiritual problem, that has to be solved. Such movements as the Sword of the Spirit are trying to work towards the creation of this new community, that is why they appeal not only to Christians but to all men of good will. To restore the basis of freedom is *the* challenge of the present crisis. It can only be done if the foundations are laid on that Truth which we recognise, with St. Augustine, to be ' ever old and ever new.'

VICTORY

It is to smile
When sick at heart.
It is to love
When you would hate
That turns the swallowed tears to stars,
And breaks the bars of Heaven's gate :
It is to work
When you would weep,
It is to fight the stabbing pain,
To pray when torments bid thee sleep
That brings a man to God again.

MARGOT DAVIES.

FOUR PILLARS OF WISDOM

G. WILSON KNIGHT

INTRODUCTION: A ROYAL PROPAGANDA

COMPLAINTS regarding the absence of a 'programme' in our national propaganda are not all captious. Psychologically and socially we are still, as on the field of battle, fighting a defensive war. There is some truth in Mussolini's recent statement that Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy are fighting for victory, but we for safety. Before us looms the fear of tyranny. But before our enemies rises a highly desirable goal demanding supreme sacrifices. They are consequently the more empowered, not only in military action, but also in thought and plan. Their plans all point somewhere. They think less of freedom and more of service; and no one is so alive with power as a thinker whose mind is dedicated to some supreme end.

The grip totalitarianism exerts on Europe is, I think, seriously underrated by the British mind. Except for an unfortunate minority the people, especially the younger people, in a totalitarian state are not necessarily unhappy. Nor do they, necessarily, feel less 'free.' Indeed, it is quite possible to barter political freedom for other freedoms more instinctive and more enjoyable. German youth has certainly been encouraged to express instincts common to mankind which would not be allowed by us. It is probable that many in England to-day feel freer under our present restrictions with all the attendant opportunities for purposeful service than they did before the war. Again, a sense of service acts as a release of power.

There is an undeniable fascination about the Nazi programme —for state, continent, or world—offering as it does a place for everything and everything in its place. Though it be attained at the cost of hideous suffering and manifold injustices, yet one might argue that suffering and injustice are, anyway, the stuff of human existence always; and certainly our pre-war world was a chaos. Hence pan-Germanism is, in places, infectious. It thrives upon outward success. It is a flame that spreads, and may well spread even more rapidly in the near future. That is

a danger we must recognise. We must realise the true nature and strength of what we oppose. The old cry of democracy against tyranny, right enough as far as it goes, does not go far enough. The world to-day demands strong leadership, and Germany's strength lies in her willingness, indeed her consuming passion, to assume that leadership. Leadership cannot gain a response without an authority born of self-confidence and a sense of vocation; but our own propaganda, pounding on the democratic monotone, offers neither. Our cause lacks the necessary radiations.

We know well enough that we stand for something greater than Nazi Germany, but that 'something' we are extremely loath to define. It is something more Christian, giving greater respect to the individual personality, something more comprehensive, more creative and enduring. It is not, however, to a superficial view, either more efficient or more attractive. The difference is that between a work of great literature, say *Hamlet* or *Paradise Lost*, and a best-seller. Both the German and Russian programmes are, in their fashion, best-sellers, whereas our own system holds the greater dignity and richer worth of some noble classic. That is what our propaganda must put across. Admittedly it is not easy; but unless we do that we put across nothing of any real value at all. Any other programme must be partly insincere and its insincerity half-consciously detected and distrusted.

Our system is Christian because with us the body politic is crowned by a sovereign conception raising it to divine stature; it safeguards the dignity of the individual by keeping at its heart no political theory nor inhuman 'state,' but a royal personality; it is comprehensive because it believes in opposing parties with full rights of speech finding their own fulfilment in joint subjection to the throne; and it is enduringly creative because its varying political changes are all as beads strung on the one golden thread, traditional yet always developing, of a national imagination finely crystallized in our hereditary and constitutional monarchy.

Yet in all the spate of pamphlets and articles one reads to-day the Crown is generally neglected. The mistake lies not in our system but in our own lack of imaginative understanding;

and until we awake that imagination in ourselves our international propaganda will remain sterile.

Meanwhile, we spend our time hashing up and half-promising weak imitations of the German or Russian schemes. For those who want either, surely their spontaneous originators are the ones to trust. Besides, anything we are forced into because of the war is likely to be third-rate. Instead, we might learn to know, and trust, ourselves. We have for long had something of golden worth to offer ; something which has room for all the best that can be devised by man for man ; within which a nobler socialism and a truer aristocracy than any hitherto known might find place and purpose. The British Crown is a dream, a myth, a work of poetic creation, a mighty symbol. It is our one bond of Empire. More—it is fast becoming the central hope of Christian mankind. That is the truth we should blazon across the world.

I. SHAKESPEARE AND THE NAZI DICTATORSHIP

Shakespeare alone unites Germany and England. The German nation responds to his rich, almost Wagnerian, humanism, and mighty word-music. Probably Shakespeare is more widely honoured in Germany than in England.

But he is England's national prophet, with splendid passages on the invincibility of our island-fortress. The history plays present various types of English royalty—the weak Richard II, the villainous Richard III, the baffled Henry IV, and, to crown the sequence, the God-fearing patriot-warrior, ' mirror of all Christian kings,' Henry V.

Shakespeare's greater work may, however, be characterised by that famous phrase, *Patriotism is not enough.* All problems of righteous action and just rule are profoundly reconsidered : they converge pitilessly on Hamlet. The great tragedies explore those passionate riches and daemonic powers in man's soul that Germany, perhaps, understands better than England. The Nazi revolution has unleased such energies on a nation-wide scale.

Richard III is a miniature of Nazi Germany, with the same unbounded ambition, subtle propaganda, and scorn of weakness ;

but *Macbeth*, with its dark embodiment of the supernatural, is the profounder study. Reckless blood-adventure brings the protagonist to disaster as a confessed tyrant :

> Those he commands move only in command,
> Nothing in love.

This is the reverse of England's reliance on an empire of free peoples. Beside Macbeth stands Banquo, in whom England's future burns, saying :

> In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
> Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
> Of treasonous malice.

Banquo is ancestor of those future English kings who in vision enfuriate Macbeth :

> What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?

Macbeth tried, vainly, to cut off Great Britain's destiny at its root. To Shakespeare this was all-important ; and, since his time, England has regularly opposed tyranny.

The main issues contending for mastery to-day are precisely those deepest-rooted in Shakespearian drama. Coriolanus, like Hitler, thinks to pursue an ' ice-cold ' policy, crushing softer instincts. He is an iron dictator :

> He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.
> —Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

The criticism of Nazi Germany is clear : what ' mercy ' did Hitler show Poland ? Or the Jews ? ' *Hath not a Jew eyes. . .*'

To Shakespeare power is only half the highest good. The other half is love, or ' mercy ', which in Portia's famous speech becomes

> The thronéd monarch better than his crown.

Towards that ideal Shakespeare's whole work marches, concluding with Cranmer's prophecy over the child Elizabeth in *Henry VIII*, wherein are listed those things for which England must always fight :

> Good grows with her.
> In her days every man shall eat in safety
> Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
> God shall be truly known ; and those about her
> From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
> And by those tell their greatness, not by blood.

England's sovereignty is handed on :

> Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
> That were the servants to this chosen infant,
> Shall then be his, and, like a vine, grow to him.
> Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
> His honour and the greatness of his name
> Shall be, and make *new nations*. . . Our children's children
> Shall see this, and bless heaven.

So Shakespeare's last word prophesies England's greatness ; and England still labours to fulfil this inclusive, Shakespearian, destiny.

Hitler is a genius. But Richard III, too, was an intellectual giant. Criminality and genius are, as Nietzsche saw, akin. *Macbeth* is Shakespeare's most powerful tragedy. There is a fascination—this is the secret of Hitler's success—about such heroes of blood. More, they actually serve as high a purpose within the drama of human history as in Shakespeare's. The Hitlerian challenge will have jerked humanity up to a higher level. But—and my authority is Shakespeare—that cannot happen if England be defeated. Macbeth is great, but to have him victorious would be to invert Shakespeare. Under a Nazi victory there could be no collaboration. What humanity craves is the union of power with goodness, of the Germanic and the British ideals, to create some new, more deeply Shakespearian manhood.

II. GOETHE IN THE 20th CENTURY

Goethe's *Faust* is an epic of the Germanic spirit characteristic of its author's mammoth genius. This vast lyrical drama, Goethe's life-song, lifts on massive wings. It is at once a great poet's spiritual autobiography and the recorded soul-history of Renaissance Europe.

In Part I we watch man's eternal inability to seize paradisal satisfaction from romantic love-experience.

Part II ranges more widely. Here Goethe condenses the past, present, and future history of Europe.

Faust, the hero, is a medieval conception. But he now visits the Emperor's court and assumes the function of a Renaissance artist, assisting in production of a ' masque ' and introducing Helen, spirit of ancient Greece. Later we have

dramatised his union with Helen, symbolizing the blend of medieval Christianity with Hellenic humanism which underlies Renaissance culture. Faust and Helen have a child, Euphorion, supposed to represent Lord Byron and more generally suggesting the next stage of European development called the Romantic Revival, that upspring of an aspiring idealism sweeping across Europe in the early nineteenth century, and closing as swiftly as it began. Thus the boy Euphorion meets premature disaster while too impetuously scaling mountain-heights.

We have now reached Goethe's own day. What shall come next? Undaunted, he proceeds to penetrate the future—perhaps the boldest prophetic adventure on record. Such is the true significance of those hitherto baffling scenes that follow. Though poor stuff dramatically, they are yet, when recognised as prophecy, amazing.

Goethe sees the Emperor (*i.e.* the ruling classes of Europe in our time) growing decadent and greedily licentious, letting the realm (*i.e.* Europe) become a riot :

> How he enjoyed, good lack !
> While went the realm in anarchy to rack.

So a rival Emperor (*i.e.* contemporary dictators) starts up, christening himself ' our army's Duke ' and ' our baron's liege,' and wins the masses, since he at least has a crisp programme and promises order. Things have grown ' too mad ' and so

> That man is lord who peace bestows.
> The Emperor cannot, will not. Come then, choose we
> A new lord, into the Realm new life infuse we. . . .

The masses follow their new, and false, Emperor ' in sheepish kind.' The diagnosis is strikingly acute. We have watched it all happen.

Now Faust (*i.e.* the soul of Europe) sides with the *real* Emperor and shows him a vision of a griffin, called a purely ' fabulous ' beast, in conflict with the imperial eagle :

> Him how could his conceit inveigle
> To pit him with a genuine eagle ?

The fight queerly forecasts the ' war of nerves ' and aerial attacks of Germany and Great Britain to-day :

> Each about each with menace gruesome
> In circles wide they wheel, then stoop
> Each upon each with furious swoop,
> And tear and mangle neck and bosom.

The griffin falls, its ' lion's tail all limp ', lost from sight. Next the actual war is fought out and, with the help of Faust and Mephistopheles, the Emperor wins.

However, he returns to his former weaknesses. But Faust, the soul of Europe, struggles manfully on, and dies battling creatively for humanity against vast nature-forces, dedicated to civilizing effort. At death he is raised to a Christian paradise, where he is received by his first love, Gretchen.

Though the poem, with its mountains and torrents and primary symbolisms of fire and water, is thoroughly Germanic and more than a little pagan, yet it ends in Christian mysticism. So did Wagner (Hitler's favourite) in *Parsifal.* Both Goethe and Wagner are Germanic prophets, in whom those volcanic energies so terrifying to-day are transformed, as Nietzsche taught, to ' heavenly children.' *Faust* once pictures a luscious nature-paradise as setting for a race of supermen :

> We stand amazed, and still the question holdeth
> If men, or haply gods are they ?

Beside it we must place the poem's concluding lines :

> All things corruptible
> Are but reflection.
> Earth's insufficiency
> Here finds perfection.
> Here the ineffable
> Wrought is with love,
> The Eternal-Womanly
> Draws us above.

Pagan strength is crowned by Christian grace : both are necessary.

This mighty prophetic voice of Germany has found deaf ears among the Nazi leaders. Perhaps they recognise in themselves Goethe's ill-fated ' griffin,' vainly fighting against the eagle-soul of their nation's destiny—and in Britain the upholder of true royalty, battling to preserve the traditions of Europe.

III. BYRON - THE VOICE OF EUROPE

Lord Byron is often a sharp critic of Britain's puritanical insularity. Perhaps that is why England has failed to appreciate his stature.

He is a virile poet, with colourful stories of spectacular deeds,

hot-blooded passions, revenge and chivalry. Historic Europe thrills him with memories of fine action. But with these co-exists sympathy for the sufferings of ordinary men. He curses tyrants who ' dare to pave their way with human hearts.' ' Conquerors and kings ' are as ' madmen who have made men mad by their contagion.' He admires martial heroism whilst pressing beyond it. He recognizes the lion in Napoleon, but despises ' wolves.' He would not deny the rights of power but instead ' would teach all kings true sovereignty.'

Such balancing of opposites many minds find impossible. Byron is himself tugged diversely by his own distended comprehension. His early heroes are guilt-burdened men of proud, darkly-mysterious, suffering, at once satanic and chivalrous. So he would resolve the deep antagonism of *power* and *love*.

In the mountainous setting of *Manfred* this conflict reaches cosmic proportions. The spiritual agony demanding resolution prefigures our contemporary world-conflict :

> It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,
> And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts
> Mix'd, and contending without end or order. . . .

In Hell's despite the hero battles for the rights of human instinct. *Manfred* is an archetypal drama, endured for the regeneration of mankind.

This trust in man widens to a fervent passion for political freedom :

> Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
> Streams like the thunderstorm *against* the wind. . . .

With this is, however, an almost superstitious reverence for religious tradition, and even for

> The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns.

The golden mean is Byron's solution : ' I wish men to be free as much from mobs as kings.' He is an *aristocratic revolutionary*.

He wrote two great political plays. *Marino Faliero* tells of a Venetian sovereign who, despite an instinctive, traditional abhorrence, joins a popular revolution against a decadent upper-class. He would ' share ' his ' sovereignty ' with his people—feeling royalty, in true British fashion, as a communal possession—and so ' free the groaning nations.' This complex

action outlines the finer social artistry to which our world travails :

> We will renew the times of truth and justice,
> Condensing in a fair free commonwealth
> Not rash equality but equal rights. . . .

At such organic symmetry the British constitution has for long aimed.

Sardanapalus attacks a similar problem : that of a pacifist king, who, like Shakespeare's duke in *Measure for Measure*, is too spiritually profound to be an efficient ruler. He sees his conqueror-ancestress Semiramis as ' a sort of semi-glorious human monster :'

> Enough
> For me, if I can make my subjects feel
> The weight of human misery less, and glide
> Ungroaning to the tomb.

King of a great empire, he yet has no desire to ' go on multiplying empires.' He is, however, brave, and, when forced to, fights royally. But he does not enjoy it :

> I am content : and, trusting in my cause,
> Think we may yet be victors and return
> To peace—the only victory I covet.
> To me war is no glory—conquest no
> Renown.

Here Byron is again English. No other nation has so blended power with the will-to-peace. When Europe finds our pacifism strange, it should read *Sardanapalus* ; just as we should study Byron's (perhaps unjust) attack on Wellington in *Don Juan* for not using Britain's great power after the Napoleonic wars to organise the liberty of nations.

Much of Byron the German mind will respect. His transmutation of satanic energies towards a radiant strength forecasts Nietzsche. Nietzsche admired Byron. But the only *political* order approaching the Byronic ideal is the British. There only you have power with pacific intention ; empire held in trust, but not feverishly desired ; and democratic freedom existing, as does our king himself, in vassalage to that nameless royalty which is the soul of empire. Byron's international popularity should help to expand this British idea across Europe.

He died, aptly, fighting for the liberation of Greece—Greece, the early inspirer of our arts and sciences, inaugurator of

democratic freedom, and spiritual ancestor of the civilized world.

IV. A BRITISH VIEW OF NIETZSCHE

We have all misunderstood Nietzsche. To the English he is part-instigator of Germany's more ruthless actions across Europe ; to the Nazis an accepted prophet of their iron regime. He certainly called himself ' dynamite '—but that is metaphoric. His real aim is to blast a way for man's advance to a higher state of being.

For this words are scarcely adequate and so his most carefully considered work, *Zarathustra*, speaks mainly through poetic symbolism. His gospel is best studied here.

His quest is spiritual freedom—' the Golden Wonder, the boat of free-will and its master.' This is *not* license. He emphasises creative good-living as opposed to conventional morality, attacking social rottenness and religious decadence like Christ. All half-hearted and therefore powerless virtues anger him. Psychic power he rates higher than charity, as Christ puts God before man.

He is the supreme individualist of literature as Christ of life. His trust is in man's central instincts :

> Many an one can command himself, but falleth far short in obeying himself.

He sees himself as a *creative* teacher :

> My burning will to create driveth me ever and again unto man as the mallet is driven unto the stone.

He recognises as basic the will-to-power, but confronts with a stern challenge all eminent men—such as Napoleon or Hitler. Such a man

> must yet unlearn his hero will . . . he must yet resolve his monsters and his riddles, he must change them to heavenly children.
>
> Not yet hath his knowledge learned how to smile and be without jealousy ; not yet hath his torrent passion grown still in beauty.
>
> And chiefly to the hero the beautiful is hardest of all things. Unattainable is beauty by the *vehement* will. . . .
>
> And of none demand I beauty so eagerly as of thee, thou man of power : let thy *gentleness* be thy last surmounting.

Indeed, Nietzsche's imagined super-hero is half in eternity; for *the world revolveth not about the inventors of new noise, but about the inventors of new values; inaudibly it turneth.*

Nietzsche's superman doctrine demands a democratic order allowing for originality; whereas a totalitarian state stifles creative living. Therefore Nietzsche hates 'the state;' to call it equivalent to the people is a 'lie,' it is born of destroyers, not 'creators.'

> Destroyers are they which lay snares for the many and call them States: they impose on them the sword and an hundred lusts. . . .
>
> A confounding of the language of good and evil: this sign give I unto you as a sign of the State. Verily it is a sign of the will to death! Verily, it beckoneth to the preachers of death!

We are instead pointed to the arduous quest of *individualist freedom*, for there are

> a thousand paths that none hath yet trod and a thousand healths and hidden isles of life.

Democracy alone, however, cannot satisfy the royalty of the individual soul and keep alight the superman-faith. In the British Constitution the Crown, a mystic, super-personal symbol preserves us from the dangers of dictatorship, bureaucracy, and the herd-instinct. Our constitution correctly expands Nietzsche's psychological doctrine.

His assertion of psychic power is, nevertheless, clearly related to the great upsurge of power-will throughout Germany. No other culture could have produced him. But, just as he teaches the *transmutation* of lusts, so Germany herself must re-direct her national energies in a greater cause:

> It is power, this new virtue: a master-thought it is and round about it a subtle soul: a golden sun, and round about it the Serpent of Knowledge.

Is this the 'power' of storm-troopers tormenting Jews?—of mass executions in Poland?—of the machine-gunning of civilian refugees in Belgium? The thought wrongs Nietzsche's shining gospel, which points us rather to the *creative* powers of great music, such as Germany, before all other nations, has given to mankind; to the poetic power of Shakespearian drama, which Germany so justly appreciates; and, finally—though he did

not himself fully recognize the kinship—the power of Christ, death-vanquisher. That is what *Zarathustra* means; and in a true understanding of her greatest teacher lies the best chance of a new Germany lending her gigantic spiritual powers to the creation of a new, and greater world.

A purer insight into the royal powers of great literature is demanded. Therein lies wisdom and guidance towards a strong political faith supporting the domed splendour of a new Christendom.

GREAT POSSESSIONS

To rest on some lone cliff and view the sea
As life's strange hour-glass drops its ' things to be,'
To conjure up what's lost
And yet not count the cost,
But read in aught the message of Eternity,—

He sits upon a throne of rubies bright,
Who can so rein his soul and cleanse his sight,
He wants nor gold nor gain,
Nor visions that are vain,
But ushers in the blessings of the Light.

Midst friendships false that wane upon the day,
Midst smiling tricksters waiting near a fray,
To see what they can make
To see what they can take,
To count their bags of gold ' which ever way.'

So stands the man I picture in this song,
Who gazes on life's pantomime and throng,
Who sees the pageant o'er,
The gaunt, fast-closing door.
And still would give the battle to the strong. . . .

Is there no call comes higher than life's fears ?
No flood of wonder visioned forth of seers ?—
The sheaves are all aflame
Where man can write no name,
And shall we trace the Lord in naught but tears ?

There is a canvas open to the sky,
A sylvan crystal mirrored to the eye ;
'Tis riches more than gold
The winter woods unfold,
And shall we spurn this message from on High ?

The torrent plashing in the sunlit morn,
The blush of strawberries at the peep of dawn,
The skip of lambs at play,
The scent of new-mown hay,
The fetters of the soul are held in scorn.

O starving multitude that knows no Spring,
That cannot warm to joys which Summers bring.
The merchant in the mart,
Whose wealth is yet his art,
For these could give his riches and be King.

Celestial glimpses touch our utmost reach,
Flash back the depths of Eden, and they teach
That edicts writ in gold
That know nor heat nor cold,
Will long outlive the living and the leech.

The bubbling river set 'twixt rush and reed,
The wind-swept birchtree in the vernal mead,
The cuckoo's call in Spring,
A bird upon the wing,
Are all the festal music of man's earthly need.

These songs of nature realm us with the skies,
They show alike the vision and the prize,
For with chaste fingers white,
They hold the holy Light ;
They bear the chalice of the Lord Who deifies.

The call of callow youth is surely now no more ;
The dreams of love and fame have writ their final score,
But still the English fields
Will give me back their yields,
And I shall drink the gold of all their garnered store.

ARTHUR ROW.

'UNRAVELLED' : BY M--RICE B-RING

W. H. WINDER

CYPRIAN GROVE left the reception room to breathe the evening air on the terrace. It was the air of Rome in autumn, that unforgettable air. He passed a group near the window. There was the Ambassador himself, Sir Mark Stapson, the Countess Rosastugumba, a beautiful English woman whose husband was *en poste* in London, Pashkov, a brilliant young Russian, John Watson, a newspaper representative, Princess Katakine, as beautiful as the Countess but more *distinguée*, Fr. Prome, who was passing through to Brussels, Professor de Frillac, the charming archaeologist, and Gabriel Chime, *littérateur* and *homme du monde*. There were others but the gathering was small as the Ambassador saw practically no one since the death of his wife.

Below the terrace Cyprian could see Mary Anadine whose father, Charles Anadine, was Counsellor. Yesterday they had exchanged promises of marriage. To-day Lord Prail had approached Charles Anadine for the hand of his daughter.

A beautiful Italian, Signorina Carpano, was walking with Anadine. The Counsellor stopped.

' I have settled to go to England to-night ; Mary comes too. We are staying at Prail Place.'

Charles Anadine passed on. For Cyprian night had come then. He saw Mary look at him and look away. The Countess was at his elbow. Her eyes were dark as night. He gazed into them.

Mary Anadine passed him silently.

' *Sleep knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.*'

It was the Abbé Claire at his side.

' *One short sleep passed we wake eternally.*'

It was Fr. Prome at his elbow.

Cyprian felt they knew all. He returned with the Abbé to his apartment. The Abbé was really charming. He had known the Countess many years. He told him that Gabriel Chime had been her admirer for a long time ; he was not the only one to have a *grande passion*. Some spoke of Pashkov as *cavalière servente* ; he did not know.

'*Le bon dieu* knows,' he added. 'Who are we, *mon enfant* ?'

As Cyprian left, the Abbé said quietly, 'Lord Prail has told me of his engagement to Miss Anadine.'

'But why . . . ?'

'Ah ! We learn truth slowly,' responded the Abbé Claire. 'I mean, of course, *la vraie vérité* : some truth we learn quickly *malgré nous*.'

John Watson met him on his way out.

'I am going to the Turkish front to report events. Why not come too ? Pashkov is travelling with me as far as Athens. He has the Russian insight. He sees already in part, though in a glass darkly.'

'*Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds*,' thought Cyprian Grove.

'*Or bends with the remover to remove*,' added Fr. Prome suddenly appearing. 'You will some day appreciate all.'

His serene expression was unforgettable.

Cyprian thought that Fr. Prome understood also.

It was ten years since Cyprian had seen the Countess Rosastugumba. The war had not driven that unforgettable face from the frontiers of his memory, nor had the subsequent years of travel. Pashkov had seen her only once in the interval, but he had, of course, written every day. Gabriel Chime was there as it was five o'clock ; he had not missed that evening hour of talk with her since that day in Rome. Time had left no trace on her features ; she was as beautiful as ever.

'*Age shall not wither her, nor custom stale*,' Cyprian heard the Abbé murmur. (He had just arrived as chaplain at the London embassy).

The Countess saw practically no one now ; she never went out. Besides Pashkov and the Abbé there was Sir James Bream, who had just been appointed to Madrid, Lamkov, almost as brilliant as his cousin Pashkov though less charming, Edward Connington, the connoisseur and *bon viveur*, Signora Campini, George Turner, a foreign representative of the *Globe*, M. Dandin, the eminent *savant*, and Miles Alston of the Foreign Office. There were others whom Cyprian did not know ; the Countess's circle had changed. '*For death*

he taketh all away but them he cannot take.' It was Fr. Prome. (He was passing through London on his way to Paris).

The Countess was speaking of Lady Prail as Cyprian approached. He knew that Lord Prail had died the year before and he had renewed his offer of marriage. His letters had not been answered, nor had he seen her as she never received now. She saw no one.

' Pashkov saw Lady Prail at the opera in Paris last month,' said the Countess Rosastugumba. ' Princess Metanine and Sir Mark Stapson were also there and she was as beautiful as ever. Her mourning made her more unforgettable, even, than before.'

' She was not happy. We Russians can tell,' said Pashkov.

' That is the truth,' added Lamkov. ' But there is truth *and* truth.'

Cyprian wondered, but he had settled to go to Brussels the next morning.

He could see that things went on as before. As six o'clock drew near Gabriel Chime rose *pour prendre congé.* His look of admiration was unmistakeable—and unforgettable. Pashkov had taken up his old position by her chair.

' *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.*' It was P. Claire at his elbow.

George Turner left at the same time. He said he was going to Brussels also; they would travel together. The Abbé changed countenance. Cyprian saw a faint smile as from another world, as from an *undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.*

' You will understand all,' said the Abbé in a low voice.

* * *

Cyprian lingered at the door of the ballroom before entering. He could see Lady Prail across the floor. It was forty years since that memorable night on the terrace in Rome but she did not look a year older; she was as lovely as ever and as unforgettable. So was the Countess Rosastugumba but age had not giver her that added distinction that Lady Prail now possessed. Her two daughters were with her: Mrs Woldingham, married to James Woldingham of the Foreign Office and a member of

an old Catholic family, and the Countess Martinetto. (Count Martinetto had just arrived as Counsellor Extraordinary at the London embassy). Her son was there also, on leave from Rome where he was *attaché*. His wife, a beautiful Italian, was with him.

'*Sorrow with her family of sighs. Ben trovato, mon ami,*' said a voice at Cyprian's side. It was Fr. Prome. (He had looked in on his way to Lisbon). He had aged slightly but Cyprian had the old feeling that he was looking deep into his mind and into his soul.

'We have almost come full circle,' said Thomas Walker, a journalist, when Cyprian introduced his friend to the priest. '*At the round earth's imagined corners, blow your trumpets, angels,*' he continued.

'No longer mourn for me when I am dead,' murmured the priest in reply.

'*E la sua volontade e nostra pace.*' It was the Abbé Claire. (He had been many years in Paris but was accompanying Count Martinetto on his mission). Cyprian had heard those words before; he had never fully understood their truth until now.

'Count Rosastugumba has just died,' Lady Prail told him as he drew near. He changed countenance.

'Then . . . ?'

Before departing for Vienna he told the Abbé that he might sometime hope to marry Lady Prail.

> '*There has fallen a splendid tear*
> *From the passion flower at the gate. . . .*
> *She is coming my life, my fate.*'

'*Beauty is the splendour of order,*' said the Abbé quietly, in a tone that was unforgettable.

Cyprian thought he understood.

BUCKDEN PIKE

Other men have climbed this mountain ; trippers
have stood beside the cairn, littering the ground
with luncheon-refuse, broken orange-peel,
and stared with ignorant wonder at the scene ;
surveyors here have rested their theodolite
tracing the thin red lines that crowd together
where the scar steepens, and stab sharply inwards
to the foaming ghyll ; fell-runners have climbed
here in an hour to provide sensation
for the breakfast-table ; dons on walking-tours
have tramped the ridge, discussing Truth and Beauty,
blind to the tautened skyline of the hills.

I am not the first ; no cartographer
will draw afresh his contours, shading in
a hidden col or chimney where before,
as to Elizabethan mapmakers,
all was terra incognita ; no new
geological discoveries are mine—
no revealed up-thrust of tilted strata
secreted since earth's birth-night ; tape-machines
will not awake to chattering activity
with news from Camp 5 ; I am not the first.

But I have had my vision as in my time ;
this oyster's mine, and none can share with me,
not though he walked with me, step by hard step,
thought and sensation in my heart of hearts.
Mine the imagined glimpse of sea beneath
clouds racing eastwards ; mine the rain-scoured
wind-clear silhouette of Cumberland fell ;
low line of hills across the eastern plain
(panorama of inverted familiarity) ;
mine too the sprawling masses of the hills
washed with faint mist-bloom ; the wind pulling
the hair across the eyes—all these experiences
instantly fused in the sublimity
of personal being, a conscious microcosm
amidst the beauty of earth, momentarily
solving the mystery of the one and the many.

ROBIN ATTHILL.

ASPECTS OF THE WAR

IV. BOMBING? THE RIGHT ATTITUDE

IT is almost universally recognized that aerial bombardment is an essential factor in modern warfare. Since the collapse of France and the evacuation from Dunkirk our offensive against Nazi Germany has been almost entirely confined to bombing operations. Considering the importance of these attacks, it is imperative that we should have the right attitude to bombing operations in general. Unfortunately, a large percentage of the people of these islands consider the whole question of bombing from both an illogical and non-Christian point of view. It is of vital importance that everyone should realize that our attacks upon German cities are not reprisals in any sense of the word. If we have a right to bomb the enemy's country we have that right regardless of whether he has made any attacks upon our own cities. If we were to decide that we had no right to bomb Germany we should be morally bound to abstain from making any such attacks even though our own cities were being systematically destroyed. We must give up and give up at once the *hit-back* attitude. The justification of our policy does not and cannot depend upon a principle as barbaric as the law of reprisals.

Instead of considering bombing raids as mere revenge we should regard them as our most unpleasant yet essential duty. It is necessary from a military point of view that German cities and industrial centres should be destroyed. While not hesitating or shrinking from our task we should carry it out in the cold impersonal spirit of judicial administration. The unbalanced attitude towards bombing operations results from considering the war as a matter of hatred. We can avoid adopting such a point of view by bearing in mind what is the ultimate end of all our struggles ; victory and a better world.

R.G.B.

V. REALITIES OF BRITISH FARMING

Farmers and farm-workers are putting forth a great effort in this war in order to decrease as far as possible the amount of food which has to be imported to keep the people of these

islands alive. The nation at large is giving them fairly effective support, within the limits of the resources which it is at present thought wise to make available to agriculture. The appeal to farmers and to people is for a drive for food production to save shipping. It is as successful as could reasonably be hoped for in the circumstances.

Let us try for a moment to take a broader view of those circumstances. The condition of British farming for many decades has been one of chronic depression. It is not generally realised that in the period between the wars the depression became acute and continuous and that the decay during that period was more rapid perhaps than ever before. The brief prosperity of the last war was more than cancelled out by the terrible depression which began in 1921. One effect of this long decline, accompanied as it was by growing urbanisation, has been to accustom us to the present appearance of things in the country, so that most people now regard as more or less normal what is really very seriously sub-normal. To the seeing eye the few evidences that remain of past vitality—good work in brick and stone, huge heavily timbered barns and so forth—merely serve to emphasize the existing decrepitude, with its tumbledown untidiness, weediness, and cheap light tin buildings. Very many smart-looking farm houses are now not farm houses at all, but have been converted into country residences for the urban though not necessarily idle rich. More important by far—men and women have left the land in a steady flow for generations. That flow has usually included the liveliest youngsters and was never stronger than between the wars : so that now we find ourselves with an agricultural population both relatively and absolutely the lowest ever. Those who remain form the least regarded and the lowest paid section of the population, although the exercise of far less skill than is required of any reasonably competent farm worker commands a quite disproportionate financial award in industry or in public employment.

And what of the land itself ? It is misleading to look at the few and ever-decreasing patches of relative prosperity, where special circumstances of one kind and another have made high farming possible. Even in those cases the ' farming ' is, or rather was before the war, usually more like manufacturing ;

that is to say a process of conversion of cheap imported animal feeding stuffs and fertilizers into relatively perishable human foods, such as milk and vegetables which are not easy to transport over long distances, and not a process of conserving and increasing inherent fertility. The land itself on which such conversion processes were carried out often in fact did not benefit but remained relatively unproductive, and was left wholly or mainly under permanent grass, and was cow-sick or poultry-sick or pig-sick at that. Disease was rampant and barely kept in check by ever-increasingly expensive and elaborate precautionary and curative methods. The rest of our land was, and is, hopelessly run down. Taking it all in all those words are not too strong and they are deliberately used. Again it is necessary to emphasize that the nation has forgotten what the country could look like and ought to look like.

No apology is made for presenting what some might think is too gloomy a picture. On the contrary, it is most urgent that the state of affairs should be brought home to the people by every possible means ; if necessary, at much greater length than space now permits. Till it is so brought home the best intentions in the world will fail to make things much better. This run-down, depressed, exhausted condition is no isolated phenomenon peculiar to this country. It is in one form or another an inevitable accompaniment of the hunt for cheap food —cheap food at all costs—which dominates the whole competitive industrial world. This hunt was in the past temporarily successful owing to the discovery of untapped reserves of fertility in the big ' undeveloped ' continental areas, especially in the ' New World ' so called. That world has in consequence been prematurely aged by the depletion of its vitality : but with the advance of soil erosion the end of such possibilities is in sight, and with them the end of cheap food.

The end of cheap food in Britain must come for an additional reason. The past two or three generations have been brought up in a creditor country and until very recently in the principal creditor country. So we have become accustomed to buying our imported foods with the proceeds of foreign and colonial investments, the fruit of past industrial exports. That situation is now at an end because our war effort is absorbing all foreign credits. We shall have to pay for future imports

by contemporary exports ; we shall no longer be able to go on year after year with an adverse balance of visible trade. And when the time comes other nations may not want our exports, nor be able to send food in exchange for them.

So whatever happens and whether we like it or not we are going to be forced into a far greater dependence on our own land. The present need for greater production is no mere temporary war-time urgency ; nor is the permanent revival of British farming a mere matter of sentiment or sociological theorizing. It is a plain straightforward economic necessity.

We face this necessity under-manned, under-trained, and under-equipped, and with our capital reserves both financial and real (that is to say in the form of soil fertility) at a dangerously low ebb. In fact there are no reserves ; on the contrary there are, broadly speaking, only debts ; debts to banks and to mortgagees and a gigantic debt to the land itself. We must pay off those debts before we can think of building up reserves. The debt to the land cannot be cancelled by book-entry, but only by hard labour.

This is a task which can only be undertaken by the nation as a whole. Its extent in purely financial terms would be very variously estimated ; but must run quite a long way into ten figures. Suppose, for instance, that an additional farm-worker per 100 acres is needed (a glaring under-estimate), and that this means a cottage per 100 acres ; that involves an expenditure of at least £5 per acre, equal to a capital sum of £300,000,000 for the whole country. But housing alone represents but a small fraction of what is needed. By no means could the necessary capital be raised by the present occupiers of the land, even if they could borrow at 1 per cent. Means must be devised whereby it becomes a national charge, though for political reasons it will probably be necessary to conceal the fact as far as possible. The nation is still at heart against the farmer, not realising that their interests and his are identical ; this is the greatest tragedy and the greatest difficulty of the present situation. The present food subsidies are in effect a more or less concealed method of imposing a national charge in favour of agriculture.

Some day, nevertheless, these charges have got to be met, and in addition workers on the land must receive a reward pro-

portional to that of industrial workers, for unless they do nothing can be achieved ; and it means roughly doubling their present wages. There is only one possible conclusion, namely, that food is going to cost quite a lot more, relatively to other things, than in the past. The sooner we face that fact the better. There is no means of escaping it save temporarily by further depleting reserves of fertility, in this country or elsewhere.

Regrettably enough, we are depleting reserves in this country to-day under the stress of war. The reduction of livestock with increase of corn-growing ; the fact that the needs of agriculture in the form of materials for development and repairs, equipment, petrol and oil, transport, man-power, and so forth receive priority only after war-time industrial needs have been satisfied ; and the incidence of taxation in various forms : all these factors prevent the farmer from returning to the farm, even if he would, all that is being taken from it. So we must be worse off after the war than before it. During or after the war, no very great further increase of production is possible without a much greater diversion of national resources to the land. And all the time we must remember that this land is our home, and not merely our food-factory, and still less can it be only a huge recreation ground. If in the urgency for higher production we treat it rather as a factory than as our home—complete with garden of course—the last state may be worse than the first.

But after the war, or at some future period, it must be assumed that very great physical resources will be available for diversion to more or less peaceable pursuits. There are cities to be rebuilt it is true ; but are the cities of any use without a country ? Shall we have the imagination to see that the job to be considered first is the bringing of our land into full health and fertility, and ourselves into a right relationship to it ? There need be no unemployment while that job remains to be done ; and, unlike some others, it will bring its own rewards, spiritual as well as material.

LORD NORTHBOURNE.

VI. FREEDOM FOR EVER

(*A midget war-time anthology*)

My voice is still for war.
Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death ?

ADDISON, *Cato*, Act. II, scene i.

There will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God and love to your fellow-citizens. Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Placard.*

Ah ! freedom is a noble thing !
Freedom makes man to have liking !
Freedom all solace to man gives !
He lives at ease that freely lives !

JOHN BALFOUR, *The Bruce.*

Perfect freedom is reserved for the man who lives by his own work and in that work does what he wants to do.

R. G. COLLINGWOOD, *Speculum Mentis.*

Freedom needs all her poets : it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the wiser laws of music sway
Her wild imaginings.

J. R. LOWELL, *To the Memory of Hood.*

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

MILTON, *Areopagitica.*

For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erslept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

Johnson was present when a tragedy was read in which there occurred this line : ' Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.' The company admired it much. ' I cannot agree with you,' said Johnson, ' it might as well be said, Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.'

BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson.*

To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight.

HOMER, *The Illiad.* (Translator, Pope).

The cause of freedom is the cause of God.

W. L. BOWLES, *To Edmund Burke*

Nought nobler is than to be free ;
The stars of Heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey thy laws.

WILLIAM WATSON, *The Things that are More Excellent.*

If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for some time ; the ocean may overwhelm it ; mountains may press it down ; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

DANIEL WEBSTER, June 1825.

For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life if freedom fail ?

EMERSON, *Boston.*

I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act. II, scene ii.

No ! Freedom has a thousand charms to show
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know . . .
Religion, virtue, truth—whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.

WILLIAM COWPER, *Table Talk.*

Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honour steady to a common end, and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

WOODROW WILSON, *War Address to Congress*, April 1917.

I heard you say
a king might be a man, but a man with power
to make men free.

MAXWELL ANDERSON, *The Masque of Kings*, Act II, scene ii.

All the arts of pleasure grow when suckled by freedom.

SCHILLER, *Der Spaziergang*.

We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake.

WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets to Liberty*.

What light is to the eyes—what air is to the lungs—what love is to the heart, liberty is to the soul of man. Without liberty, the brain is a dungeon, where the chained thoughts die with their pinions pressed against the hingeless doors.

R. G. INGERSOLL, *Progress*.

Yes ! to this thought I hold with firm persistence ;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true ;
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.

GOETHE, *Faust*, Act V, scene vi.

Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have this consolation within us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly. . . . It would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated.

THOMAS PAINE, *The Crisis*.

This shining thing in the souls of free men Hitler cannot command, or attain, or conquer. He has crushed it, where he could, from German hearts. It is the great tradition of democracy. It is the future. It is victory.

New York Times, 1st June, 1940.

Compiled by NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

VII. DO CHILDREN REALIZE?

Christopher knows that there is a war on ; for he has been told. He knows whom we are fighting ; for he has been told also. But apart from this, does he worry about the war, the war which has been going on for just over two years ? I do not think so. He listens attentively to the wireless in both French and English (for he is one of those fortunate children under six who can speak both with perfect ease) and he knows most of it by heart. He can even sometimes recognize the voices of the announcers and always the voice of Bruce Belfridge. Then he sings in bed every night : ' This is the B.B.C. Home Service. Here is the news ; and this is Bruce Belfridge reading it,' and follows this up with ' Ici Londres. Voici notre quatrième bulletin d'information ' . . . But when he shrieks in joyous accents that heavy bombs were dropped on Berlin, does he know what bombing means ?

He asks God every night (very hurriedly, I am afraid) to protect the poor soldiers. But from what, or from whom ? A child of this age cannot picture shells screaming through the sultry desert air or the heart-turning wrench of the bayonet in the opposing stomach. Christopher has never heard a bomb : he was moved to the country from London before the blitzes and since then no bombs have been dropped near him. Yet he heard the sirens on that fateful day, and that frightened him. They reminded him of the lazy yet deafening toot of the coal-steamers near Kew bridge. Ever since he has had nightmares in which they feature. What role, I wonder, do they fill in the play of this child's mind ? They denote something sinister, yet he will not explain.

Rationing he cannot understand. At least, he understands the system of cards better than anyone else in the family. But why Mrs Cooke (the lady at the grocer) marks these pieces of paper he has no idea. Nor does he realize that food is short, and if short, because of the war. You can tell him ' No more butter, Christopher ; you know there's a war on.' He will look at you with a puzzled smile on his chubby face and then chuckle, ' Yes, there's a war on,' he grins, ' Still, I don't care.' And he tries to take more butter.

Perhaps when his elder brother goes away to the wars, he will begin to wonder. At present no one in the family has gone away and he does not notice anything unusual. He appears so intelligent that you ask him where Smolensk is. He will answer, ' In Russia.' ' Ah,' you say, ' but where is Russia ? ' Christopher will give you a gracious smile and reply nonchalantly. ' I don't know. Near Birmingham, perhaps ? ' And the child's eyes will widen with surprise when you laugh.

Small children may have been killed in this war, yet small children do not notice it. That unfortunately, is left to the elders.

MICHAEL ALLMAND.

ENVILLE FOREST

They're playing David and Goliath in the forest.
Tallest of pines Goliath's brought to earth ;
a whirl of dust as he lies powders
the twitching heraldry. Limb-lopped the immense trunk
is chained, dragged in dead procession to the clearing,
unchained, strongly levered to the mill rollers
where the buzz-saw shouting for carrion
snarls and screams as it takes the death load.

Noon. The driving belt unslung, all
are prompt exiles from Noise, shoved over the frontier.
This foreign Quiet is like a moment
settled and grown more than a moment, lips parted
in sleep. An age passes before time sluggishly wakens
and robin song mends the raw torn silence.

IAN L. SERRAILLIER.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

PETER F. ANSON

WHEN the Editor of *The Wind and the Rain* asked me to write an article for this magazine and enclosed a sample copy for me to study, two thoughts occurred to me as a domiciled Scotsman : (1) the ' foreign ' tone of the magazine itself ; (2) the utterly different conception of what is meant by ' Christian traditions and atmosphere ' when one happens to live in a country whose predominant religious background is Calvinist instead of Anglican. In the editorial notes that preface the summer number I paused at the phrase : ' the temper of a nation is often brought out by its expression in the word form of its literature and art. This magazine contains a sample of this temper ; a minute cut, perhaps, but traversing the entire oaken branch of England, sometimes with the grain of public opinion, sometimes against it.' When I read the word ' England ' I wondered if the editors visualised merely the southern portion of the island now known as Great Britain and if their ' oaken branch ' stopped short at the Cheviots. Did it occur to them, I asked myself, that ' a better and more constructive Christian community,' which is what they are hoping to achieve, must necessarily be different in Scotland to England, just because the ' Christian traditions ' are so utterly different ? not only the Christian traditions, but also the social and economic background of the two nations.

Now Scotland should never be confused with England. It is a Sister-Kingdom, ruled by the same monarch since 1603, but deprived of its own independent legislature since the Act of Union in 1707. Yet the Scottish nation still retains its own branch of established Protestantism ; its own Civil Law, founded on Roman Law, quite distinct from the Law of England in such vital matters as marriage, succession, land and forms of legal process. The educational system too is different, and in countless other details Scotland still remains a ' foreign ' country after more than two centuries from the passing of the Act of Union, and in spite of being largely governed from London and the gradual absorption of banking and transport systems with those of England. But when Lord Woolton appeared to forget

all this the other day and inserted an official advertisement in most of the Scottish daily newspapers proclaiming that ' *England* expects us all to honour the food code,' we saw very red indeed !

To refer to the northern portion of the British Isles as ' England ' is as illogical and incorrect as it would have been to have described Norway as Sweden, or vice-versa, when these two nations had a joint king from 1814 to 1905. But almost as much confusion may arise if the adjective ' British ' is employed when dealing with social, economic and religious matters in England and Scotland. They cannot be lumped together, for as we have pointed out already, they possess so little in common. The Thistle and the Rose still grow side by side ; they have never been properly grafted on to each other. It is doubtful if this dangerous and oft-tried experiment will ever be a success.

Look at the following statistics, and it will be seen how hopeless it is to deal with Christianity in England and Scotland as if it were the same in both countries.

	England	Scotland
Anglicans	25,800,000	164,000
Catholics	2,120,000	600,000
Presbyterians ..	500,000	3,525,000

Compare the relative percentages of the chief religious bodies in England and Scotland with the total populations (37,359,045 and 4,842,980).

	England	Scotland
Anglicans	69.54	3.34
Presbyterians ..	1.34	71.93
Catholics	5.66	12.24
Methodists	7.54	0.75
Congregationalists ..	2.74	2.18
Baptists	2.39	1.28

The figures are taken from *Whitaker's Almanack*, 1940.

The field for Catholic influence is not nearly so favourable in Scotland as in England. For more than three centuries Calvinist teaching has warped the whole mental outlook of the majority of Scotsmen. Even more so than in England, Catholics in Scotland are regarded as ' foreign,' because the greater number of them are of Irish extraction. It was only in a few remote districts in the north-east and the west Highlands that small

groups of Catholics lingered on after the Reformation and managed to preserve the Faith. But these isolated groups are regarded by our non-Catholic compatriots more as picturesque and interesting phenomena. They exercise little or no influence on the religious life of the nation as a whole.

The Reformation in Scotland was much more drastic than in England. Catholicism was replaced by Calvinism, not a half-baked Calvinism, but a hard, clear, razor-sharp system of theology and discipline that would never have been tolerated by the average Englishman. He prefers a *via media* if it is possible to find one ; unlike the average Scotsman who runs to extremes, in morals as well as in faith.

Very few Presbyterian ministers and still fewer lay folk, have any knowledge of Catholic doctrine or worship, unless, as in some rare cases, they have picked it up from reading or in foreign travel. The abysmal ignorance of the ordinary Scottish Presbyterian of everything Catholic would hardly be believed by most English Catholics.

The Catholic Church in Scotland tends to be more ' sectarian' than in England, and Catholic ideas either in action, writing or teaching hardly affect national life at all. There is practically no Scottish Catholic literature, apart from one or two small devotional magazines and no Scottish Catholic publishers. Why should there be, when there cannot be more than half a dozen Catholic writers besides journalists working for secular papers ? English Catholic books, reviews and magazines seldom find their way into non-Catholic households. It is very rare indeed to discover a Presbyterian, or even an Episcopalian who reads Catholic periodicals, though sometimes one finds one or two Catholic theological books in the library of a manse. But it would be possible to search in vain in many more manses and not find a single Catholic book.

Our Catholic organisations in the social field, small as they are, are beginning to obtain the recognition they deserve. Yet a significant proof of the suspicion with which Catholics are regarded even among the educated classes is the fact that only a short time ago when it was proposed to invite a certain Jesuit priest, who is a recognised authority on social questions, to address the annual meeting of a purely social organisation in

Edinburgh, the motion was immediately voted down by an overwhelming majority.

Much more could be done and ought to be done by Scottish Catholics in the way of keeping the Catholic point of view before the public by means of letters in the correspondence columns that are a regular and popular feature of the *Glasgow Herald* and *The Scotsman*—the two most important national newspapers. There is very little direct apostolate of the press in this country.

Calvinism has always aimed at being a theocracy ever since Calvin himself tried to establish a theocratic form of government at Geneva. Presbyterian ministers, especially those of the Free Church (the most rigid and conservative of all the various Presbyterian bodies), still try to order what men shall do to fill in their days outside the strictly ecclesiastical sphere. Though they have lost their former power and influence over most of the younger generation, they love to write letters to the press denouncing the proposed opening of places of amusement on Sundays and invoke the aid of the secular power to prevent the ' desecration of the Scottish Sabbath.'

Even while cities are being bombed and whole congregations dispersed or killed outright, one reads reports of ' presbytery meetings ' where apparently ministers have found nothing better to do than draw up resolutions and protest against Sunday football, golf, tennis, bathing and ' treating ' in public houses. Of course there are exceptions to every rule and there are some ministers, mostly belonging to the Established Church, who are keenly alive to the grave need to build up ' a better and more constructive Christian community ' (which is one of the aims of this Quarterly), notably the Rev. George MacLeod, founder of the Iona Community. But they appear to be in a minority.

Scottish Catholicism, much more than the English variety, is not likely to attract Scotsmen, indeed it is easy to see how it must repel them. There exists a far deeper gulf separating Catholic worship in Scotland from that which exists between Catholic and Anglican worship south of the Border, where in some churches the externals and method of conducting services are hardly distinguishable. We make few attempts to re-link ourselves with pre-Reformation Scottish Catholicism, and it is significant that Carfin—that wonderful centre of devotion in

the heart of industrial Lanarkshire—should be definitely an adaptation of Lourdes and Liseux. Walsingham—' England's Nazareth '—is indigenous to the very soil of East Anglia, whereas Carfin—' The Scottish Lourdes '—is completely exotic in atmosphere.

It would be almost impossible to publish a magazine like *The Wind and the Rain* in Scotland, for the time seems hardly ripe to put forward such ideals as those advocated by the *Sword of the Spirit* movement. Yet never has contact between Catholics and Protestants been so urgently needed. If Christians in Scotland tried to follow the lead of the Anglican archbishops, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Moderator of the Free Churches in taking the Pope's Five Peace Points as a basis for reconstruction after the war, there is no knowing what might happen. There would certainly be violent protests, if not a spiritual revolution. The ' Scarlet Woman ' is still very much alive in the imaginations of most Presbyterians. Even if they ignore her at ordinary times, it only needs some slight stimulus to bring her to life and Rome becomes a potential enemy in our midst and every Papist a Jesuit in disguise !

CREATION

For him beauty and for her beauty,
The co-matched partners of an eternal duet ;
For this love is a paradox,
Eternity consummated in minutes ;
An unended eternity which has no beginning
Only a being, a life-force
Defying time and thought
In a factual dream-world
Created for itself,
Common-place and holy in the word's truest sense :
This pointed to by the only divine finger
As the moment of creation
Not of a future but of a past.

MICHAEL INGHAM.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT

ENID M. DINNIS

I ALWAYS make a point of paying him a visit if I am in that part of the world. I'm not sure if it isn't a prohibited area now. He stands, solid and immutable, against, almost built into, the rock-like wall of the oldest inn in the county.

He has stood there nobody knows how long, an uncouth excrescence representing a creature neither man nor beast. His curly mane, coloured a vivid-red, suggests that he was meant to be a kind of sea-lion, or perhaps Father Neptune himself, for they say that he was once the figurehead of a ship ; but his eyes are kind and human—as eyes go where the craftsman has produced a work to be the despair of the modern artist trying to get away from prettiness.

For centuries untold he has gazed—with that curiously uncurious gaze of his—straight ahead of him. He may have been the figurehead of some vessel that carried contraband into the little haven two miles away, from which it was conveyed to the smuggler's inn in this shy little village in the downs. He would then have nominally supervised the efforts of the valiant keel making headway through the deep. He has that aloof, figure-head look about him. He would leave to others the practical business of steering the ship through dangerous waters. Even a U-boat would not have made him a man of action.

As an Onlooker he is an arresting symbol. He represents not merely one who sees most of the game, but *all* of the game, from the fact that his gaze is not narrowed to the event of the moment or of yesterday ; the arrival of the Southdown bus or of a car-full of Americans seeking hospitality at *Ye Olde Smuggler's Inn*—but embraces the happenings of all the five or six centuries of his existence.

He holds them all, as it were, in his vision. Home Guards and all.

I delight in visiting him because although he cannot carry on a conversation in the usual way he suggests points for my meditation when I am in the mood of the poet Gray, or Ralph Emerson. One likes to think of the things that he has seen since they brought him here from the wreck of the plundered

galleon, it may be, and fixed him up to watch the ways of men instead of the sad sea waves. The village has a good tarred road although the side-walk is still red tiles and cobbles.

He may know something about galley-slaves although he had his back turned to the terrible inside of the ship that he figure-headed ? That outward gaze of his, though distrait, may be so for a good reason. He may have fronted an argosy—and understood his business as a figure-head ? He may have been in touch with pirates ? His vivid colouring, blue, red and yellow, suggests the two-penny coloured edition of the penny dreadful. His connection with smugglers is obvious.

But it's a kind face, all the same.

One can't blame him for not fussing himself over the spectacle of the road car, even when it contains a millionaire, or even of a tank. He has seen so many generations come and go—on horse-back or in stage-coaches, or sedan chairs. He has seen the grass begin to grow in the road because the new steam train is conveying people to their destinations. He has heard the distant railway whistle which told him why there was no dashing stage-coach changing horses at the door of the inn. He saw them begin to arrive again, in queer horseless chariots from which ladies, their noses reddened behind the veils that kept their hats on their head, descended in triumph at having alighted at something that might be termed a destination ; and the vision that he holds in those gentle eyes of his is the vision of a philosopher who searches for the meaning of things rather than the details of their outward aspect ; for he has not yet seen a change in human nature.

Nobody can tell me his history, and he doesn't attempt to do so himself. I am thrown back on conjecture. The voice that on one unforgettable occasion I thought was his, proved to be a wireless announcer announcing something just inside the inn door behind him. I discovered my mistake ; and also the fact that he has no particular use for the wireless. It is incidental to the passing show. He was there when there were no gramophones !

He has seen sailors with pig-tails, like Chinamen. One can't get away from the feeling that he is a seafaring person. That look in his eye is the long gaze of a sailor.

Some may like to make their soliloquy in a churchyard

But for me there is no place like the corner of the old inn where he stands holding the future as well as the present and past in his vision. He may be there at the crack of Doom ? And that, by the way, may account for his being unmoved by the arrival of the Southdown bus ? Or even by the War ?

ARCHAIC MODE

(*Written during an attack on London, October 7th*, 1940)

Wherefore lament, thou fond ephemeral ?
Thy salve is very sure :
The pain shall cease, the wrongs be cancelled all,
The wound hath certain cure.

Whatever woe thou weepest, it must end,
And over thee the green
And mindless mantle of the grass shall bend
As though thou hadst not been.

But thou art not contented with the grave !
Thou hearest the unborn joy
Groan for the sun, the life it cannot have,
The large, serene employ.

Thou canst not be a traitor to that seed,
Which all the world could fill
With myriad blossom ; wherefore thou dost bleed,
And these strong tears distil.

Then let the tempest of the spirit blow,
Fanning that seed of fire,
Until the flaming tree of life shall grow,
And flourish and aspire,

And fill the universe and bear the stars
Like fruit on every bough :
In whose mild eyes these wild and bitter wars
Profane the heavens now.

RUTH PITTER

TALIESSIN THROUGH LOGRES

MORNA STUART

TALIESSIN Through Logres * was published by the Oxford University Press, in 1938. The author, Charles Williams, has his public, but none the less is too little known. The title of the book is characteristic—it attracts the senses and intuitions but repels the understanding of the average man. One may wander round ' Taliessin ' for some time before finding the gate, to which the author has not drawn special attention. But it is worth finding. This territory has particular relevance for those who hope ' for a new and better Christian community '—its beauty apart, it contains a rare and specific insight into certain mysteries of the Christian faith.

Generally, there are two sorts of obscurity in human utterance. One, which is vagueness and imprecision, is not excusable, but the second is inevitable. That is, when a man gives news of things which are intrinsically complex. Radio is such a thing and requires a terminology of its own ; in fact, scientific accuracy demands as a rule formulae which are not legible to the lay intelligence. But their terms can be learned and so can the terms of *Taliessin Through Logres*, and in both, learning pays a dividend. Not all creation's ways are susceptible to immediate understanding, whether intellectual, and Charles Williams gives an account of creation's ways as he finds them—urgent, compelling and beautiful. But obscure at first sight they certainly are. However, since no one seriously suggests that the universe is a simple proposition, there is no harm in that. Having found the gate into ' Taliessin, it is clear that Charles Williams is no more obscure or complex than his subject.

It is arguable that he should have provided more of a key than is given in his notes and map. Be this as it may. C. S. Lewis has written an article (*Theology*, January–June, 1939) which does all that is necessary. *Taliessin Through Logres* is an allegory as much as *Piers Plowman*, but the values it represents are more complex. They are a sort of unity in variety. Underlying various processes and modes of existence, Charles Williams

* Oxford University Press : 6/- net.

discerns a constant proportion, a ratio or mathematic common to certain vital issues of the present day. He has, in fact pointed out a relationship between things hitherto dissociate, and that is the prime job of a poet. The same formula concerns the body physical, spiritual and politic ; this is expressed through something very similar to musical counterpoint, that is to say that the parts of the poem mean something taken separately and something taken together. One part, existing in its own right, concerns a geographic–mystic unit, with centre at Byzantium and the head in England, or Logres ; another part concerns the story of Percival and Elayne ; another co-existence emphasises the same proportion in a spiritual hierarchy and bring the ragged phrases of human passion into one apostrophe of faith.

The form of the poem is perhaps most readily grasped on the principle of meditation and that upon certain principles of faith, the fall and redemption, the mysteries of Incarnation and substitution. These are approached through terminology of the *Morte d'Arthur*, which itself is symbolic and sacramental. Hence the characters of the poem are Arthur, Guinevere, Galahad, Lancelot and Merlin—Taliessin, the king's poet, through whose understanding the meditation is supremely made. It is a legitimate device, for the personnel of the Round Table is part of our English stock, symbols of English mysticism. Through them, Charles Williams has made renewed approach to the Christian mysteries.

These mysteries, intimately concerned both with a state of being and a state of doing, require a double approach. *Taliessin Through Logres* approximates less to a story with a chronological time-scale than to a set of aspects of the same subject. The newness in each is not in time, not of ' what happened next,' it is where one sees it from next—not of yesterday and tomorrow, but a compass bearing upon a centre which is particularly the fall and Redemption in all phrases and terms of our being. This approach assumes a perfect sacramental understanding of the Incarnation. It is as if the poet had seen something universally true and has applied it to the outstanding cases of human need. If it were permissible to analyse the Apocalypse in secular terms, it will be seen that St. John used precisely this mechanism and for the same reason, to convey experience which defeated and broke the time-idiom of domestic life.

A comparison which comes to mind is that of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the Jesuit poet, whose work, owing to its immense difficulty was not published till a quarter of a century after the author's death. By then, and speeded by the last great war, humanity had caught up with him. Some men anticipate the experience of others and are called prophets ; their language is disliked and misunderstood, for, very often, it promises suffering. Between these two men is a marked common trait, the natural, almost geologic symbolism. And there is a marked difference, for there is intolerance in Father Hopkins' work which is certainly not to be found in *Taliessin*. Taliessin is full of compassion and especially for those who lose their way and especially in the thickets of divine paradox.

> The sky had turned round ; I could not think
> Why I should not be christened in the city of astrologers.
> It was true I should look a fool before everyone ;
> Why not look a fool before everyone ?

Modern poets too seldom say things like this, or admit that man was born a baby rather than an economist or eroticist. The humanity of Charles Williams is a fine blend of *homo sapiens* and Parsifal. It finds a vocabulary of its own, impressionistic as Browning's, with the same pitch and pace. Of its incandescence, as poetry, it is harder to speak ; the same light springs fitfully from the pages of Blake and Milton, arising, perhaps in a conviction of necessity divine above the brilliance of joy and of agony. These are features of faith, but they are not faith ; only universal law is that. The language of this poem, as the idiom of its outlook, breaks often into music ; again and again we are lifted on phrases like wings. As if heaven were the inner parts of time and of earth, however stifling may be the factual grief of tyranny, it is here relegated to a footnote in the truth of evolution. For this reason alone, and its hard consolation, *Taliessin* should not be overlooked. In our days men seek consciously again for the foundations of a City dreamed and lost from Tel-el Amarna onwards. Here is Byzantium—an aspect toward the mathematical certitudes of the Redemption.

> Through the sea of omnipotent fact rushed the act of Galahad.
> He glowed white ; he leaned against the wind.
> Down the curved road among the topless waves.
> He sang, Judica te, Deus.

'TEMPUS FUGIT'

THE CHRISTMAS CARD INDUSTRY

LITTLE is the conception of the average citizen as to the vast amount of work entailed in the making even of the cheapest kind of Christmas card. The cards themselves are printed on large sheets, stamped with various dyes (the cheaper the card, the fewer the dyes that are used) and finally cut out by automatic knives. A small leaf of paper must then be inserted with an appropriate verse inscribed on it in order that it may harmonize with the spirit expressed on the card itself. If the picture is of God-made-man, then the verse will deal with the Saviour, if it is of a landscape, then the verses will deal with falling snow flakes and, if for the children the picture is that of Father Christmas, then the verses will also be appropriate to the subject. Each card must then be pierced and ribboned; this ribbon, by the way, will be chosen to fall in with the general impression of the card, be tied by hand and then ironed. The card is next placed in an envelope, banded into its respective category and from thence into dozens to be finally placed in the stockroom.

Such is the massive industry that goes to the making of those contents, which in the penny envelope, bring so much joy to the breakfast table at Christmastide—so much inward nausea at the beginning of each month's rent! By way of a footnote it might be wise to add that as to whether Christmas cards are to be sent this year or not, with the existing paper shortage, still seems a matter for debate.

THE FOLLY OF MODERN SCIENTIFIC ATHEISM

In science with regard to nature, morphology has taught us that animal and vegetable creation is formed upon certain fundamental types and patterns and that, under various transformations and modifications it can be traced, although being dissimilar at the present, to have originated from the same sources. So far, all well and good. But it is here that a certain kind of scientist imagines and alleges that there can be a set of

forms without a creator, a patterned form without a designer and an ordered world without a God. This scientific and atheistical interpretation of life is, in the ultimate analysis, suicidal; for without ideas science is impossible, without minds ideas are impossible and it is the mind that is the offspring of God. Scientific atheism is not merely without foundation—it is an attempt to make what by itself is without foundation intelligible.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

Even Handel, like Pope, was not without rivals who preferred the compositions of his contemporaries to those of the master musician himself. It was an impartial observer who summed up the case rather neatly in the following lines :—

Some say compared with Buononcini
Handel is a perfect ninny
Others say that he to Handel
Is not fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Strange indeed! Nevertheless it is a consoling thought to think that the Tweedledums of to-day may endure the same fate, at the hands of the future generation, as Buononcini has at ours.

WROTH SILVER

Modern legislation has swept away many obsolete feudal and manorial remnants. But one, at least, still remains: November 11th, Saint Martin's Day.

Half-an-hour before sunrise at Stretton on Dunsmore, near Rugby in Warwickshire, the Lord of the Manor proceeds to a certain stone—the last fragment of the Knightlow Cross—which stands in a certain field to be found in the northern extremity of the village. After this procedure a proclamation is then read to the villagers to the effect that certain tolls are required ranging from a 1d. to 2s. 3½d. *In default of payment the forfeit would be* 20*s. for every penny, and a white bull with red ears and a red nose.* Needless to say the forfeit being such as it is, the dues are all paid and the money thrown into the cavity of the stone. The ceremony over, the forty actors en-

gaged in the scene have breakfast with the Lord of the Manor.

To do away with such a custom would be to do away with one of the last relics of our folk lore—a link with the past—a break with the heritage that is ours.

REVERSION TO THE LAND

A century ago England had just undergone a revolution in which industry had taken precedence over the land. To-day a similar reversal—but in less violent phases—is taking place. The Minister of Agriculture has been given, what in actual effect, amount to dictatorial powers. The waste land has gone under the plough, flower beds have become kitchen gardens over night, whilst the parks, with their spacious lawns, have been transformed into food producing factories. At last the land has come into its own : the moral is obvious.

PRONUNCIATION

English, it is alleged, is the hardest language in the world to learn and little wonder if a glance is taken at the following stanza :—

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do ?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell side,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit siouxeyesighed.

Oh ! the kindly, illogical, individualistic, sentimental and sensible English !

N.B.

A NOTA BENE FOR THE CURIOUS

Perhaps you are wondering where Miss Enid Dinnis found her Oldest Inhabitant. He is to be seen, or at least to be discovered, at Alfriston in Sussex.

TO A BLADE OF GRASS IN THE RUINS

Nature tells us in her silence
That the Lord is very nigh ;
When the world is stormed with violence,
Cries that beauty cannot die ;
In the flaming heavens catches
Broken colours out of dust ;
In the still stream's surface matches
Inch of gold for inch of rust.
Bones may perish ; figures tumble
From the thrones to common earth ;
Dew-drenched, silent, meek and humble,
Flowers upon the grave find birth.
Systems vanish ; time disposes
Hour by hour and day by day
Whether aught that man proposes
Is to live or pass away ;
Whether, in some time unspoken,
Plan or purpose comes again,
Or that purpose, ever broken,
Lies beside the slayer's slain.
Never king could beauty order,
This to die, or this to live ;
Never prison but the warder
Must the keys to others give ;
Yet the twilight and the mountain,
Silken skies and light of sun,
Out of some eternal fountain
Issue when the rest are done.
Over all the blind world's crying,
Over city, field or farm,
Human purpose born or dying,
Still the stars retain their calm.
Still the harvest, still the reaping,
Still the roots, the wind, the rain,
Still the little grass-blade peeping
Underneath the blind world's pain.

Nature tells us in her silence
That the Lord is very nigh ;
When the world is stormed with violence,
Cries that beauty cannot die.

DEREK NEVILLE.

RAINER MARIA RILKE: POET OF THE NEW AGE

DALLAS KENMARE

'WHO, if I cried, would hear me among the angelic orders?'

It is fitting that this line should open the Elegies which have proved to be Rilke's greatest work.* It embodies, as single lines of great poetry have a way of doing, a whole universe of human and super-human experience. Rilke, sharing the common fate of poets and prophets, had long cried to a deaf human world, and what assurance had he that the beings of the divine world heard him? Now, fifteen years after his death, he is acclaimed as the greatest of modern poets, and for some time a handful of sympathetic commentators have been working to spread his difficult 'message,' but the magnitude of Rilke is not yet measured, possibly partly because we are still too near to see him in perspective, but still more because the world at this point in history seems less than ever ready to accept a message so poignantly human yet in its deepest implications so overpoweringly super-human. For Rilke the human was inevitably and inextricably rooted in the super-human; there was no understanding of one without the other, which is why to such thinkers the desecration of human life is always the ultimate blasphemy.

How deeply Rilke looked into the mind, how penetratingly he pondered on the mysteries of human nature and the meaning of evil is revealed largely in the semi-autobiographical work, *The Note-books of Malte Laurids Brigge*. His life in Paris had shown him a new and hitherto totally unknown and unimagined world, and he was profoundly shocked and distressed. The sordid, the painful, the hideous, seemed to him predominant in the city; he was apparently curiously blind to its light-winged beauties, or it may be that those beauties in themselves accentuated the contrasting horrors in the poet's acutely sensitive mind. At all events, he became passionately concerned to redeem those horrors. His compassion for the poor, the

* *Duino Elegies*. Translated by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender. (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.)

oppressed and the diseased, took, however, a different direction from Tolstoy's ; he made no attempt to live and work among the people he so deeply pitied ; he was first and last a poet, whose methods are necessarily less direct and immediate than those of the reformer. The poet is always too intuitively and acutely aware of the complexities of every human problem to place much trust in the many systems and plans offered as infallible panaceas by the kindly but too often short-sighted and superficial social reformer. This is not, of course, to suggest the possibility of any charge of myopy against Tolstoy, who was a titanic genius and a prophet of the new, and possibly still very far distant, age, but it must be recognised that there is a fundamental difference in the psychological constitution of the poet and any other literary artist, for reasons which Rilke himself well understood, and ceaselessly proclaimed, but which the majority almost passionately reject, refusing to admit a difference in *kind*, not degree, between not only the artist and the ' ordinary ' man, but also between artists themselves. It remains true, however, that it is not easy for a poet and a novelist fundamentally to understand each other, nor for the novelist and the critic ; in each case the mind derives from a different source, works at a different level, and is composed of different material. This is really a commonplace of enlightened psychology, and the refusal to accept the deep fundamental differences in human beings probably arises at bottom from an unconscious desire to reject the irrefutable metaphysical fact of individual isolation, which destroys the sense of security without which life, save for the staunchest, is almost unendurable. Tolstoy was not a poet, although he was a great writer, and his approach to human problems would therefore necessarily differ fundamentally from the approach of the pure poet. Although Rilke wrote prose also, he was not, temperamentally, a prose-writer, but always a poet. His protest against human ills and iniquities took the inevitable poet's form : the passionate appeal *to the heart* ; he portrayed the evils with unflinching honesty, and in this ruthlessly truthful portrayal tacitly cried : ' Look at this ! Is it endurable ? Consider, and remedy it.' Endowed with unique gifts—the capacity for intense feeling, vivid imagination and vital expression—the poet serves humanity *in his own way*, by stirring the heart to pity and the desire for assuaging action ;

and he should not, as Rilke knew, attempt any other way.

Rilke was aware that he belonged to a different *order* of beings. Such facts are readily accepted by occultists, but in a materialistic age it is wiser not to mention them. An age which has created for itself a merely ethical Christ, whose ideas, though admirable in their way, must never be attempted in practise, since they would lead to anarchy, cannot be expected to accept beings who deviate in a marked degree from generally-acknowledged standards. Even the negroes knew better when they affirmed that ' all God's chillun's got wings ! ' The modern world denies both wings and Divine paternity. It is therefore logically impossible for special messengers of the Lord to appear from time to time. Even Professor Butler, in her extremely enlightened study of Rilke,* refuses to commit herself on this controversial question, and clearly finds the ' worship ' of any great poet amusing and unnecessary Those misguided friends of Rilke's (usually, of course, women), who recognised his true nature are subjected to gentle but quite undeniable mockery. Unfortunately the prevalent attempt is always, not to raise the ' common man ' to the level of the genius (were it possible), but by some means to reduce the genius to the level of the common man—which after all is quite in accord with another contemporary tendency, in spite of sixty years or so of Socialism : not so much to raise the standard of living among the poor as to reduce the living standard of the well-to-do. Which is the logical result of a non-Christian Socialism, based on class-hatred instead of love. The ideal of Christianity, conversely, is concerned with perfection (which ideal it shares with the artist). Modern thought derides any such ideal, dismissing the idealist as an escapist and perfectionist. The convinced and thorough-going Christian, however, has not forgotten Jesus's behest ' Be ye perfect,' nor his assurance that ' with God all things are possible,' and insists that Jesus was the supreme realist. It is precisely because humanity has rejected the ' perfectionist ' ideal, accepting instead the far easier doctrine of the second-best that we at the present time find ourselves involved in not merely the second-best but easily the by far worst. Still more pernicious is the kindred doctrine of approximation and relative values, which denies the possibility of an

* *Rainer Maria Rilke*. (Cambridge University Press. 21s.)

absolute good, and affirms the inevitability in this world of the choice of two evils. For a detailed exposition of this doctrine we must turn primarily to the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr, though there are a number of theologians who conform to the same school of thought. It not infrequently happens that laymen—(for example, that great Christian and fine writer, Baron von Hügel)—and artists are nearer the essential truths of religion than the theologians.

Rilke, although he never overcame his curious resistance to Christianity, and was never able to accept Christ, wrote much of God, and was constantly preoccupied with angels. He was careful, however, to explain that the angels of his imagination had no connection with those of the Christian hierarchy. His resistance to Christianity has a certain kinship with Nietzsche's, and is probably just as unreal, as Shelley's was also. Rilke shared other qualities with Nietzsche : both felt that they were ' possessed ' by a spirit more powerful than themselves, and were therefore constrained to attempt to transgress human boundaries. Such are inevitably intolerant of orthodoxy or restraint, and would be likely to see in Christianity a possible fettering of their own extremely individual convictions. Mr Leishman in his biographical introduction to Rilke's *Requiem* makes clear that

> Rilke had much sympathy with the lonely and suffering Christ, but he had no sympathy whatever with the conceptions of mediation and atonement. The mediator, he thought, merely got in between people and God, prevented them from finding God in the world, encouraged them to neglect the world and its glory for the sake of some imaginary heaven.

But everywhere throughout his work Rilke expressed in innumerable forms his conviction of the omnipresence of God and the essential divinity of the world. He would doubtless have said, had he been willing to make a plain statement on the subject—which is unlikely—that art was his religion, and certainly no artist has ever advanced and maintained so uncompromising a philosophy of art and the artist's function. It may be a hopeful sign that at the present time interest in Rilke is growing, for never has there been a graver need for a renaissance, a new understanding of the true significance of art, its essentially religious basis, and the part it can and must play in the reintegration of a ruined world. Not until Rilke's own passionate

belief in the divine significance of art is accepted can there be hope of a permanent recovery from the ills which have been creeping like fungus over civilisation since the advent of the Machine Age. But the world cannot be expected to take art seriously until art takes itself seriously, and this cannot happen until individual artists affirm the reality of their unique vocation. The ideal of perfection, common to the artist and the Christian, must no longer be dismissed as chimerical.

Rilke is a poet of the new age, and the coming of the new age depends largely on the rôle artists are prepared to play. He himself allowed no claims to stand in the way. As Prof. Butler remarks :—

> The word formidable . . . exactly describes Rilke's genius, which no one, not even Rodin, could enslave for long ; which the war could not deflect from its course ; and against which matrimonial, paternal, economic and social claims were powerless.

His solution to the problem of marriage and parenthood seems to have been exactly suited to his own unique needs, and would probably prove satisfactory to artists as a whole. But a measure of Rilkean courage and integrity is essential for the experiment. After a bare eighteen months of communal living, he and his wife, who was a talented sculptor, agreed that they were quite ready to live apart if the claims of their work demanded it. They recognised their mutual work as pre-eminently important in their lives, and thereafter never again lived under the same roof, although they saw each other frequently, and remained on terms of close friendship and deep affection for the remainder of Rilke's lifetime—twenty-six years. Rilke had no specifically paternal feelings for their daughter, Ruth, although he maintained an affectionate interest in her throughout. He understood, and lived by, the truth promulgated more than two thousand years ago by Plato, but which has not yet been accepted: that for the creative artist the usual ways of creation are superfluous and even undesirable. These intense convictions caused him great suffering when his friend Paula Modersöhn-Becker, a painter of unusual genius, died in childbirth, for he saw the ultimate meaning of her death as an act of vengeance of the god she had denied—the god of art—in her attempt to achieve a unity between the woman and the artist in her. Her death was

the tragic answer ; women of genius should not attempt this dual creativeness. Were they completely honest with themselves, and aware of their unique vocation, they would know that *for them* the normal woman's rôle of motherhood is unnecessary. Paula Becker's marriage had not been happy : she had married a man quite incapable of understanding, or sympathising with, her genius, and after two or three years she left him and returned to her work, but pressure was too strong, she was too uncertain of her own value, and eventually returned to her husband and bore a child. It was natural that Rilke should see all this as a betrayal of art, of love, and of the sacred laws of creation, for there is no deeper betrayal of love than the loveless marriage, no deeper betrayal of life than the birth of a child not for love but for expediency. In his strange and wonderful poem *Requiem for a Friend* the poet expressed his convictions in beautiful, unearthly words, and most deeply and concisely perhaps in the lines :—

> you . . . pulled the lovely woof out of the loom
> and wove your threads into another pattern.

That was sin : to be untrue to the pattern.

But Rilke, the poet of a new age, saw too clearly ; in common with all great poets, too prophetically. He understood and lived by laws mankind cannot yet assimilate, but they will have to be learned, if humanity is to survive. We know little or nothing yet of the laws of love, of creation, and with these laws are inbound all the tragedies and glories of human life.

ATLANTIC CROSSING

(G. WILSON KNIGHT)

Reviewed by ROBIN ATTHILL

I DO not rightly know how to recommend this book. I was for a long time irritated by the style, perplexed by the form and baffled by the context; and yet all the time fascinated and compelled. For, above all, the dominant impression is of a very vital personality, intensely aware of life, and responding to it in the expression of a rich and passionate imagination.

To consider the form of the book first. There have been other autobiographies which have dealt primarily with thought because the writers' thought marked their lives and lent their work significance; I am thinking of such books as the autobiographies of G. K. Chesterton and Eric Gill. But the only work that I know comparable to this book is *The Story of San Michele*, which interprets the experience of a life imaginatively and poetically, moulding it into a supreme work of art. Wordsworth's *The Prelude* deals with the same type of experience, but the medium of verse places it in an entirely different genre. *Atlantic Crossing: An Autobiographical Design** says the title page—and at this point it is worth reading the Epilogue to see just how the book was written. Elsewhere in the book, the poet is glimpsed *building by imaginative selection a book that has an art-form unity and meaning*. But this is where I am dissatisfied: the fusion of variety into unity is incomplete; the kaleidoscopic adventures of the sea voyage, of the romance that ends outside the Regent Palace Hotel, and of the past in terms of action, and the present and future in terms of thought, are not welded into homogeneity. The rhythm of this symphonic pattern cannot stand the too frequent change of time-signature. Polonius' tragical-comical-historical-pastoral is not achieved: the poem is still as dividable as the scene is unlimited. This is symbolised by the dichotomy of the author's personality. . . . '*Ivor . . . I . . . I . . . he*,' with swiftly confusing transition, '*because your own mind has to be all but split before you see*

* J. M. Dent & Son: 3/6

what's in it,' as he writes. Wordsworth records a similar experience in *The Prelude*, Book 2 :—

> so wide appears
> The vacancy between me and those days
> Which yet have such self-presence in my mind,
> That, musing on them, often I do seem
> Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself
> And of some other Being.

But the greatest works of art succeed in identifying the subjective and objective reaction to experience.

A review can give no real indication of what this book is about. I can say that Professor Knight believes in the rhythm of the universe and of life as a whole ; in the essential richness of life in the world to-day, which we lose by fear and inhibition; in the desperate need for the re-integration of our lives in terms of the teaching of Christ. I can say that his Persian adventures imbue his life with something of the golden glory of the road to Samarkhand ; and that he wrestles with the great mystery of love which inter-penetrates our lives ; and elsewhere in this number you can read of his intense belief in the true royalty of England and its future, a theme developed in the noble closing movement of *Atlantic Crossing*. But I can only give a hint of the rich lands of imaginative experience to which this journey leads. '*What he had glimpsed was the eternity of his Atlantic experience.*'

All this experience, as I have said, is poetically interpreted. But there is a danger. I am waiting for a volume of poems from Professor Knight. There are several in this book—*Lindbergh over Atlantic ; Give me strength, big ship ; The mountains of Earth.* But what about these lines on Niagara ? '*Down, down, down. Then the turmoil and the cauldron. Then the resurrection, the risen mist, the fountain, fountain, fountains of mist, high and high and higher, like leaping pinnacles of fire, in eddy of wind to swirl and twist, a floating mist, rarefying, airifying, clouding the land.*' In its context this can be regarded neither as good poetry nor as good prose. The language of the book is persistently too rich for prose, too metaphorical, too sensuous—'*the wind-whipped waves wash slashingly across the windows, reminding us that we are submarining in the green-salt aquarium of the Atlantic.*' This is fine writing, but it becomes overpower-

ing ; the orchestration is too brilliant ; the colours are so vivid that the sense faints picturing them. Is Professor Knight one who has written, like his own hero, not wisely, but too well ? Que sais-je ? I only know that I shall read this book again.

AN EPILOGUE FROM THE *PARIS-SOIR*

The following lines recently appeared in the *Paris-Soir* and passed the vigilant eyes of the German Censor. They were reproduced in one or two of our own papers, but many people have not come across them.

As is easily seen, the verse was intended to appear to be supporting German collaboration :—

Aimons et admirons le Chancelier Hitler
L'eternelle Angleterre est indigne de vivre.
Mandissons, écrasons le peuple d'outre mer ;
Le Nazi sur la terre sera seul à survivre.
Soyons donc le soutien du Führer allemand
Des boys navigateurs finira l'odyssée
A eux seuls appartient un juste châtiment ;
La palme du vainqueur attend la Croix Gaminées.

But supposing a dividing line were drawn in the obvious centre of this panegyric, we should then get :

I	II
Aimons et admirons	le Chancelier Hitler
L'eternelle Angleterre	est indigne de vivre.
Mandissons, écrasons	le peuple d'outer mer ;
Le Nazi sur la terre	sera seul à survivre.
Soyons donc le soutien	du Führer allemand
Des boys navigateurs	finira l'odyssée
A eux seuls appartient	un juste châtiment ;
La palme du vainqueur	attend la Croix Gaminées.

two separate pieces of verse whose meaning is obvious and which scan perfectly even to the carefully selected alternating rhymes.